

## Pains of the Holiday Valentine's Day

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Summary: RvB. Face it, the holidays suck. Especially the ones where you donâ€™t get the day off and youâ€™re expected to give people presents. The Blood Gulch residents realize it. That doesnâ€™t mean they still wonâ€™t celebrate it, though. Also, pains can turn into joys

### Pains of the Holiday Valentine's Day

**\*\*A/N: \*\*Happy bleedin' Let's-Make-Love-into-Commercialism-Day! Hey, quick question; am I the only one that threatened their significant other, upon pain of balls/ovaries being ripped off, to not get them anything for today? Ah, well.**

> Regardless of all that, I just decided to do a Valentine's Day RvB fic because I could. That and the fact that this little plot bunny assaulted me. Quite viciously, I might add.<br> And before I end this note, a good gift for me might be fanart of my stories.

-Hinthintâ€™feels like a whoreâ€™"

> And am I the only one who believes that if gayslesbians can't marry, neither should dogs? (I should not listen to the stuff on TV.)

> <strong>Genre: <strong>Romance/Humor/Fluff

> <strong>Rating:<strong> PG-14, I'd say, for mentions of naughty things.

> <strong>Pairings: <strong>Simmons/Grif, Donut/Caboose, Doc/Kerry (Grif's sister), one-sided Church/Tucker, Church/Tex, and Tex/Sarge

> <strong>Summary:<strong> Face it, the holidays suck. Especially the ones where you don't get the day off and you're expected to give people presents. The Blood Gulch residents realize it. That doesn't mean they still won't celebrate it, though. Also, pains can turn into joys in the end.

> <strong>Warnings: <strong>Mentions of sex, lingerie, slash, het, Country music, Brittany Spears, love, X's and O's, presents, body lotion, dogs, sniper rifles, catalogues, candles, keychains, stuffed animals, hats, and big brother-like Church.

> <strong>Disclaimer: <strong>I only own the stores Emma's Keychain

Haven, Valentine Hideout, and Vicky's Nightwear. Also, my OCs, Emma, Amy, and the women with the low and sultry voice. Don't know why I made them all femaleâ€|Oh, Eddie is also mine.

Pains of the Holidays  
> (Valentine's Day)<p>

Grif's Pain-

It was February. Valentine's Day was in a week. Grif needed to get Simmons a gift pronto or he'd never get sex again. Ever.

Because Grif had no luck with picking out gifts, he went to the only person he could safely ask: Donut. (The Blues were out of the question-all of them were about as incompetent as him, it would just be stupid to ask Simmons, and Sarge's idea of gifts wereâ€|basically, twisted.)

"What are some things Simmons likes?" Donut asked.

"Uhâ€|umâ€|Sex. Blowjobs," Grif offered. "Oh, also, when I grab his co-"

"Okay, that's enough," the pink soldier interrupted (Grif was starting to make him jealous). "I meant, like, what's his favorite animal?"

"â€|Why would I know this?"

"How long have you guys been going out?"

"'Bout two months, I think. Almost three," Grif replied.

"Uh-huh. And you don't know anything about him besides that he likes sex," Donut evaluated.

"Yep. Oh, I know he hates snakes."

"â€|Well, I suppose that's somethingâ€|And spiders are scarier," Donut mumbled.

"Bats."

"Huh?"

"Nothing." Grif cleared his throat and looked away from the man trying to help him.

"Well, we know he, apparently, likes sex, hates snakes, and is cybernetic," Donut said, counting on his fingers. "That's not much to go on."

"Nope," Grif agreed.

"Simmons seems like the type who appreciates stuffed animals. Teddy bears are too common, too expected. Tryâ€|a penguin," Donut suggested.

"Aâ€|penguin?" Grif asked uncertainly. "Donut, why a penguin?"

"Well," he replied hotly, "I don't see you coming up with anything." Grif sighed; it probably wasn't a good idea to piss off the only person who could help him.

"Look, you're right; at least you have an idea."

"Exactly. Since you don't like my penguin suggestion," he glared pointedly at the orange soldier, "go with a rabbit. It's not too overly used, and they're cute."

"Maybe to you," Grif muttered. Luckily, Donut hadn't heard him. "Thanks, man. I owe you one." Grif got up to leave.

"I want something for Valentine's Day, too," Donut quickly said.

"What?" Grif asked, unsure if he'd heard right.

"As payment for my help, you're going to get me a present for Valentine's Day," he repeated matter-of-factly.

"â€|Okay, Donut. Fine, I'll you get you something, too," Grif replied through gritted teeth. He waited until he was on the other side of the base before exclaiming, "Goddamn it!"

Now Grif had not only to get Simmons a stuffed rabbit, but also find something for Donut. And it had to be good or he'd never hear the end of it.

Holidays were pure evil.

Grif, having no idea what to get Donut, and needing to get a Valentine's Day catalogue or something, went to go find Sarge. He didn't have to look far; Sarge was in the kitchen.

"Hey, Sargeâ€|" Grif began.

"What do you want, dirtbag?" Sarge asked, flipping through a magazine of some sort. Grif didn't get a good look at it, considering the older man had a hand shielding most of it from view.

"Two things. First of all, do you have a, um, Valentine's magazine I could, um borrow, and could you tell me what to get Donut?" Sarge raised an eyebrow at the underling.

"Son, I though you were just gonna git a gift fer Simmons, seein' as how you and him areâ€|dating," Sarge replied.

"Yeah, I know. Well, Donut had to help me think of something for him, and he wanted something in return," Grif explained.

"â€|Yer brain's really not that good, Grif."

"Gee, thanks, Sarge. So do you have a Valentine's Day catalogue or what?"

"Yeah, yeah. Keep yer pantyhose on," he said, getting up and leaving the room. He returned a minute later with a new catalogue in his hands.

"Here," he said, tossing it to the private. Grif caught it easily.  
"Jus' git Princess something sparkly. That'll shut 'im up."

"Thanks, sir," he said, looking the magazine over. It certainly had a lot of hearts on itâ€|Why did his commander have this catalogue to begin with?

"Grif," Sarge said, voice stoic, breaking the other man's thoughts.

"Yeah?"

"Remember, if you hurt Simmons, especially on Valentine's Day-"

"You'll gut me like a trout? Shoot me out of a cannon? Make me listen to Brittany Spears until my ears bleed?" he offered.

"Make you regret it," Sarge told him simply. The icy venom dripping from his promise sent shivers up and down Grif's spine.

"I know, Sarge. Don't worry, I won't hurt him. Ever," the man assured honestly. With a slight nod from his superior, he turned and left the kitchen.

Catalogue safely in hand, he snuck out of the base, mindful of where Simmons' eyes were (the Dutch-Irish soldier was on guard duty, alone, at the top of the base). Grif hid behind a big rock so as to not be seen by the other man. Sure he was safe, he flipped through the catalogue.

"Who the hell buys this crap?" he wondered out loud.

Soon, right before he gave up all hope, Grif found the perfect stuffed rabbit for Simmons. Then, with a bit more searching, he happened upon something he knew Donut would enjoy. He even found a gift for Sarge, regardless if he'd like it or not.

After a quick call to command, he had ordered all three things. They'd be in the canyon before Valentine's Day. It was perfect.

Something was going to happen and screw it all up, he knew it.

XOXOXO

Donut's Pain-

Donut smiled to himself after Grif left. He'd done a good deed \_and \_he'd be getting something out of it. (\_And it had better be a good gift\_, the pink armored soldier thought to himself.)

Abruptly, the giddy young man shot up and went over to his makeshift desk. He opened a small decorative box. Taking from it a blank piece of paper and photograph, he started to draw.

That part needed to be longer, thicken that lineâ€|Erase, it's lopsided. Try again, look at reference pictureâ€|That needed to curve

smootherâ€|Just connect that andâ€|Done.

Donut leaned back to get a better look at his creation. Surprisingly, he was a good drawer, if he did say so himself. And he did.

He grabbed a few colored pencils to add the finishing touches onto it. Then he made a call.

"Hello. This is Emma's Keychain Haven. This is Emma speaking, how can I help you?" a woman's voice greeted. Donut took a deep breath before replying.

"Hey, Emma. It's Donut. Been a while, huh?" He let out a small, obviously nervous chuckle.

The woman on the other end didn't respond. There was a static silence for what seemed to Donut like half of Eternity.

"Are you still there, Emma?" the blonde asked uncertainly.

"What do you want?" she said surly, cutting straight to the chase. The man cringed at her tone.

"You're probably still mad at the whole me being your brother's first then breaking up with him a month later, huh?" he guessed. Unfortunately, he was right.

"You broke his heart, Donut," she told him.

"Look, I'm really sorry," he said. "Things just didn't work out. We had too many differences."

"Uh-huh," she said clicking her tongue disbelievingly at him. "He was just too shy to use chains and whips, right?"

"Ah, heh, heh, hehâ€|Um, so, hey. I was wondering if you could do me a teensy-weensy big favor?" Donut asked, desperate for a subject change.

"â€|Donut, that was the biggest contradiction I have ever heard from your mouth," she said, voice as if she'd heard him say plenty of similar things. Then, her voice softened. "Fine. Tell me what you need, hun."

"I need you to make me two keychains. And I know you can do it; you're great! The best!" he flattered her.

"You just called me because you know I'll give you a discount," she sighed, though Donut could hear the grin in her voice.

"That too," he admitted slightly abashed.

"Okay, Donut, I'll make you some keychains. Tell me how you want 'em."

"Hold on, I'll fax the picture to you right now," he told her, picking up his drawing and carefully sneaking out of his room.

"Oh, some of your famous artwork, huh?" she asked sincerely. Donut grinned sheepishly.

"Yup."

He reached the back up fax machine without meeting anyone, much to his delight. He quickly sent her the picture.

"Well, this is a mighty fine piece of art," Emma complimented, causing Donut to blush the color of his armor.

"So how long do you think it's going to take?" he asked her.

"I'll have it to you on Valentine's mornin', huh," she promised.

"Thanks, Emma. I really owe you."

"No problem, Donut."

Donut was about to give a goodbye, but the older woman spoke again. "Is it love? Whoever you're givin' one o' these keychains to?"

"Yeah," he replied honestly, voice far away.

"What's his name?"

"Caboose. Michael J. Caboose," he told her, saying the name gently.

"Well, I wish you both happiness, hun," Emma said. "Oh, and Eddie wants me to say hi to some Officer Hotpants," she relayed uncertainly.

"One of the only people who appreciates Officer Hotpants," he said to himself.

"Maybe it's best I don't know," the woman decided.

"You wouldn't enjoy him. Well, bye, Emma. And thanks again."

"You're welcome, Donut."

The pink soldier ended his conversation and snuck back to his room. Things were going perfectly so far. He knew it had to be a sign.

XOXOXO

Sarge's Pain-

After Grif left with the catalogue he had given the private, Sarge had gone back to leafing through his own magazine-the one he had been looking through when the other man had come in.

If anyone who knew Sarge knew what he was looking at, they'd think he'd lost his mind (not that his psychotic bloodlust didn't already make people question his sanity). If anyone accused him of looking at the magazine he'd deny it, and most-likely kill them in some brutal and inhumane way.

Usually, Sarge insulted, mocked, harassed, yelled at, or tried to kill (in Grif's case) his rag-tag group of soldiers. They were lazy, useless, annoying, and drove him crazy-Simmons being the least incompetent of the lot. That wasn't to say he didn't love them all like sons. Of course, he'd never tell them that. (It would all go to their heads, and they were hard enough to deal with as it was.)

If Sarge truly did not have any semblance of love for his team, then he wouldn't be looking through the catalogue. Said catalogue was full of Valentine's Day propaganda. Sarge was looking through it carefully, trying to find his team the perfect presents.

"Eh, it's all hearts an' lovey-dovey crap," he complained. He was not about to buy \_anyone \_a heart-shaped red and purple throw pillow with the words "I Love You" on it.

Sarge flipped the pages rapidly, only scanning the pictures. Then, he happened upon the perfect thing to get Donut: lilac and strawberry scented bubble bath and body lotion.

After another fifteen minutes of flipping through the catalogue, Sarge discovered exactly what Simmons should get. It was four inches tall, a glistening silver, and metal. He'd have to do something about that heart, howeverâ€¦

Sarge even found something for Grif. It said what he truly felt for the younger man.

He called in to order the items. Getting directed to the store, a high-pitched young woman's voice answered.

"Hello. This is Valentine Hideout, for all your Valentine's Day needs. This is Amy, how may I help you today?" Sarge guessed she was in her early twenties.

"I need ta place an order."

"Okay, Sir. What will your purchases be today?" she asked. He told her, finishing off with Donut's gift.

"Oh, the scented body lotion and bath is very popular this year, sir. I'm sure your wife or girlfriend will love it," the young woman assured him.

"'S'not fer my wife or girlfriend. Not even fer a woman," Sarge replied, not truly thinking about the words.

"Oh! My apologies, sir. I didn't realize you wereâ€¦"

"It's fer my, eh, son!" he quickly explained.

"Oh. Is he, umâ€¦?" she started.

"Yeah, he sure is."

"Oh, well, your order has been made and your purchases should be there for that special day. Thank you for your business," Amy said.

"Yeah, yeah. Thanks a lot," the man mumbled, hanging up.

Sarge took out a CD and looked down at it. It was the last gift, made especially for someone special, despite the difference on sides. Valentine's Day may be a day Sarge really didn't care for, but he knew it gave him a good excuse.

XOXOXO

Kerry's Pain-

Kerry's brow was furrowed in frustration as she looked down at the pages of her "Vicky's Nightwear" catalogue. She wanted something sexy, revealing, and either yellow or purple (she had been told the first was her color, and she knew Doc liked the second one).

Problem was, Kerry was color blind-red/green color blind to be exact. Most colors looked like a shade of blue to her. Sometimes gray. Meaning, unless the colors were labeled next to the lingerie, she didn't know what was which. And not many were labeled, for some odd reason.

"Damn it," she grumbled.

She leafed through some more pages furiously until she spotted something that really caught her eye. It was an elaborate teddy, with a labeled color: violet.

"Perfect!" she half-squealed. Quickly, she called in the order.

"Thanks for buying from 'Vicky's Nightwear'. Your purchase will be there in about three days," the female employee, whose voice was low and sultry, told the soldier.

Kerry grinned lopsidedly. If she could get some candles, everything would be perfect. Though, she knew that just having Doc would be good enough.

XOXOXO

Church's Pain-

Ah, Valentine's Day was there. Love was officially settling into every heart at Blood Gulch. All was right with the world.

Church scoffed at the notion. It was one in the morning on the fourteenth of February, and he was awake. And for some inexplicable reason, he had gifts for his team. Like hell he was going to let them know the gifts were from him, though.

That was why Church was awake, and pulling back Tucker's covers. He was glad the taller man was a sound sleeper; he could not be caught.

Church gently slid Tucker's-not loaded- present under his arm. Then he carefully tucked the man and present in. Before he left to go deliver Caboose's gift, Tucker mumbled something in his sleep. Oddly enough, it didn't surprise the man.

"My num-numsâ€|"



Shaking his head, Church left their shared room and crept down the hall. Opening Caboose's door, he went over to the younger man's bed. Cuddled in his hands was an old, scruffy teddy bear Church thought needed to be replaced. And that's just what he did.

He slowly tried to pry the bear from Caboose's strong grip. It proved futile after six minutes of trying with the younger man's hands not budging a finger. If anything, the sleeping boy held on tighter.

Giving up, he produced a small, blue stuffed dog. Church put the seemingly grinning dog atop Caboose's pillow, right next to his head.

Church had decided upon a stuffed dog for two, well, three reasons: One, the chances of him hurting himself with it were low. Still there, though. Two, he was a Blue Dog of the Military. Ha, ha. And, finally, number three, dogs were stupid, fiercely loyal, and didn't think about betraying their master.

Inconsequentially, Church happened to not mind dogs. That much.

Unconsciously, Church tucked Caboose in as he had with Tucker. Then he quietly snuck out of the room, much the same as he had come.

Now he only had to wait for later to give Tex her gift. If he tried now, she'd surely wake. Then, despite the fact both of them were already dead, she'd kill him. And. It. Would. Hurt.

He hoped she wouldn't kill him because of her present. He knew it would make her feel nostalgic, and she'd hate him for it. Still, regardless of whatever pain she inflicted on him, he had to give it to her. Oh, and he knew there'd be pain.

XOXOXO

Tucker's Pain-

The first thing registered in Tucker's mind when he woke up was that there was something cradled in his arms. Upon inspection, it was a gun. Not just any type of gun, either; it was a sniper rifle, with a blue ribbon tied to it.

Tucker leapt out of bed in a hurry, stubbing his big toe on the side of the bunk; proof he wasn't cruelly dreaming. He let out a whoop of joy then gazed in wide-eyed wonderment at its glory.

The dark skinned soldier debated with himself who the gift-giver could be. He quickly ruled out Tex or any of the Reds. That just left Sheila, Andy, Kerry, Doc, Caboose, or Church. He assumed the first two wouldn't have been able to get anyone anything. And he doubted Kerry knew he wanted a sniper rifle. Doc would never give anyone a weapon, ever. The chances that Caboose would give him a good present were as low as his IQ. That only left Church, butâ€¦

Church was a self-serving, selfish, narcissistic, egotistical bastard with no social skills whatsoever who constantly reminded people how much he hated them. So why would Church give him of all people

something they \_wanted\_?

Tucker couldn't fathom why, so he just accepted it. He'd give Church a present, too: sex. It was all he really had to offer, besides his soul-which he liked, thank you very much. He knew, judging by the harsh half-whispers, half-yells emitting from the other room, he was going to need it.

XOXOXO

Caboose's Pain-

Caboose grinned down happily at his new, furry blue friend as he walked to his and Donut's meeting place up on the canyon. He had woken up to see the stuffed dog up-close and had instantly fallen in love with Mr. Snuggly.

It was afternoon in the canyon and the sun was shining down on the people below, making Caboose extremely hot. He sat down, Mr. Snuggly in his lap, and removed his shirt to reveal tan, muscular abs. the young soldier hummed to himself as he waited.

A few minutes later, Donut came bounding up towards him.

"Hey, Caboose!" Donut said, slightly out of breath. "Sorry I made you wait; I wanted to try out my present from Sarge, and I had to put on this necklace Grif gave me," he explained, fingering the butterfly charm on the chain around his neck.

"Hi, Captain Muffin-Crunch! Ooh, you smell really pretty," he complimented, hugging the smaller man and sniffing his hair. Donut blushed, smiling.

"Thanks, Caboose. Michael." They pulled apart and Donut noticed the other man's furry blue friend.

"Where'd you get that from?" he asked, slightly jealous that some one gave \_his \_boyfriend a gift on Valentine's Day.

"I dunno," he replied honestly. "Mr. Snuggly was jus' there when I woke up. I think it was either Santa, or fairies."

"Speaking of gifts, I got you something," Donut told him.

"Ooh! Wha'd you get me?" Caboose asked excitedly, like a small child at Christmas.

The blonde pulled out two little keychains. One was of a Blue soldier, the other Red. Both had their own helmets off and they held the other one's helmet. The Red soldier had longer-than-regulation blonde hair while the Blue was a light brunet with some red hair mixed in.

"The Red one is me and the Blue one is you," Donut told him, handing the Blue soldier over to Caboose. He held it up and examined it with a smile on his face. "Now we'll have a part of each other forever and always."

Caboose's smile turned into a full-blown grin as he hugged and thanked Donut.

"I got you something, too, Admiral Muffins."

Caboose pulled out from his pocket a six inch box. He handed it to Donut who readily took the box. As he opened it and removed its contents, his eyes grew wide. Caboose's gift was a white porcelain horse with a pink mane and tail.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you!" Donut exclaimed happily, throwing his arms around Caboose and kissing him once before nuzzling his chest.

Holidays meant meeting with Donut, which meant hugs and kisses, and sometimes other things. Caboose liked it a lot when the small, lithe blonde was happy; for some reason, it made him feel \_really \_good.

He wished the day didn't have to end, though he knew it eventually would.

XOXOXO

Doc's Pain-

It was Valentine's Day, the perfect chance to tell someone how you felt about themâ€|

Unfortunately for Doc, he was too shy to properly tell Kerry how he felt. That, and he'd had to rack his brain for the perfect gift. Luck, it seemed, had taken pity on him because he found something she was sure to love.

Doc, gulping and taking a deep breath, knocked on Kerry's door. "It's me," he called out. "Doc. Could I, um, come in?"

"Sure, \_Doc,\_" she answered. The medic had to take another deep breath when the young brunette said his name.

Opening the door he said, "Happy Valentine's Day! I gotâ€|youâ€|somethingâ€|"

Doc was stunned, to say the least, at what he saw. All around the room were candles of various shapes, colors, and sizes, all lit, and rose petals everywhere. That wasn't everything; on the bunk was Kerry, in nothing but violet colored lingerie with a suggestive smirk on her face.

"Hey, Doc. What's up?" she asked. He almost melted.

"I, um, got you aâ€|present. For V-Valentine's Day," he barely managed. The man could not look away from the young woman before him.

"Ooh, what's that?" she asked, pointing to the red stuffed bear in his hands.

"Um, f-for you," he mumbled, handing the bear to her.

"Ooh, it has a necklace," she commented happily, feeling the pearls.

"I'm glad you like-oomph!" Doc exclaimed after Kerry tackled him.

She tossed the bear on the bed and started to unbutton Doc's shirt. Stunned, he made no move to sop her then, or when she pressed their lips together.

Suddenly, he wasn't so shy, and he knew he wouldn't be for a while.

XOXOXO

Tex's Pain-

"Shut the hell up, you son of a bitch!" Tex snarled for what seemed the hundredth time that day.

Tex hated holidays to begin with, this one in particular, yet Church seemed to worsen everything tenfold. He had given her a cowboy hat like the one she had worn a long time ago back on the family ranch. She did not want to remember anything that way back, for good reasons (it was because she couldn't stand to be homesick, yet she wouldn't reveal that to anyone), but Church had to drag the past up again.

"Tex, I just though-

"That's your problem, Church; you shouldn't try to think. It just makes you into more of an asshole," she snapped, hands clenching the hat tightly. The man cringed as she started to subconsciously twist the head wear brutally.

"Texâ€|"

"Church, get the hell away from me," she ordered, voice ominously calm. She stopped wringing the hat.

"Fine," he growled back, turning and walking off. Probably to Tucker, she guessed. Tex really didn't care.

The sun was starting to set and, as Church got further away, her anger started to dissipate. It was replaced instead with a longing she didn't want to grasp.

Tex threw the hat on the other side of the bed. She kicked off her pillow as she simultaneously punched the wall, leaving a mark, however small.

"What the hell?" the brunette said to herself.

Violently moving her pillow had revealed a CD. She picked it up and looked at the back cover. Some of her favorite sons were on it: Beer in Mexico by Kenny Chesney, Toby Keith's Says in Mexico, More Than you'll Ever Know by Travis Tritt, She's Every Woman by Garth Brooks, and even It's Not Suppose to be That Way by Waylon Jennings. They were all old songs she hadn't heard in what seemed forever.

"Whoâ€|? She wondered out loud. She opened the case and a note fell out. It simply read, "I hate this holiday, but I hope you have a good

one."

She knew she couldn't help it as the corners of her lips twitched upwards into a smile.

XOXOXO

Simmons' Pains-

The sun had almost finished setting. Simmons watched the sky's performance until his radar alerted him to a nearby presence. Sure enough, Grif walked up to him.

"Hey, Simmons. Happy fuckin' holiday," he greeted, kissing him.

"Don't be too enthusiastic, you might burst," the maroon soldier told him dryly.

"I'll keep that in mind. Hey," he asked suddenly. "Did Sarge give you a present?"

"Yeah. A small robot dollâ€|Why?"

"'Cause he gave me a card that said on the outside 'I don't hate you completelyâ€|" Then on the inside it read 'But I'm pretty damn close!'"

"Wow. That's a lot, coming from him."

"I know. I think I'm shocked speechless. I got him a self-help book: How to Deal with Anger, Non-Violently."

"He's sure to enjoy that."

"I'm surprised he hasn't killed me yet."

There was silence until Grif realized he hadn't given Simmons his present yet.

"Oh, yeah. Here," he said, thrusting a gray rabbit with maroon colored eyes into Simmons' arms. "I got you something."

Simmons read the tag on the stuffed animal: \_To the best Dutch-Irishman. â€"Dexter Grif\_

"So you finally realized that I'm not Latino," he chuckled.

"Actually, that was only to humor your denial," Grif replied, earning him a scowl.

"I got something for you, too." Simmons handed him a small, decorative tin box. After opening it, Grif's smile was from ear-to-ear.

"I thought you wanted me to quit?" Grif asked incredulously. He took out one of the cigarettes and examined it. On the white part was a black heart. Further inspection told him there was one on all the cigarettes.

"Trust me, I do. But, not quite yet." They shared a chaste kiss, then a deeper one.

Materialistic goods brought out everyone's true self, Simmons had figured out.

Besides, he'd gotten used to the smoke and he knew it wasn't Grif without cigarettes.

End  
file.